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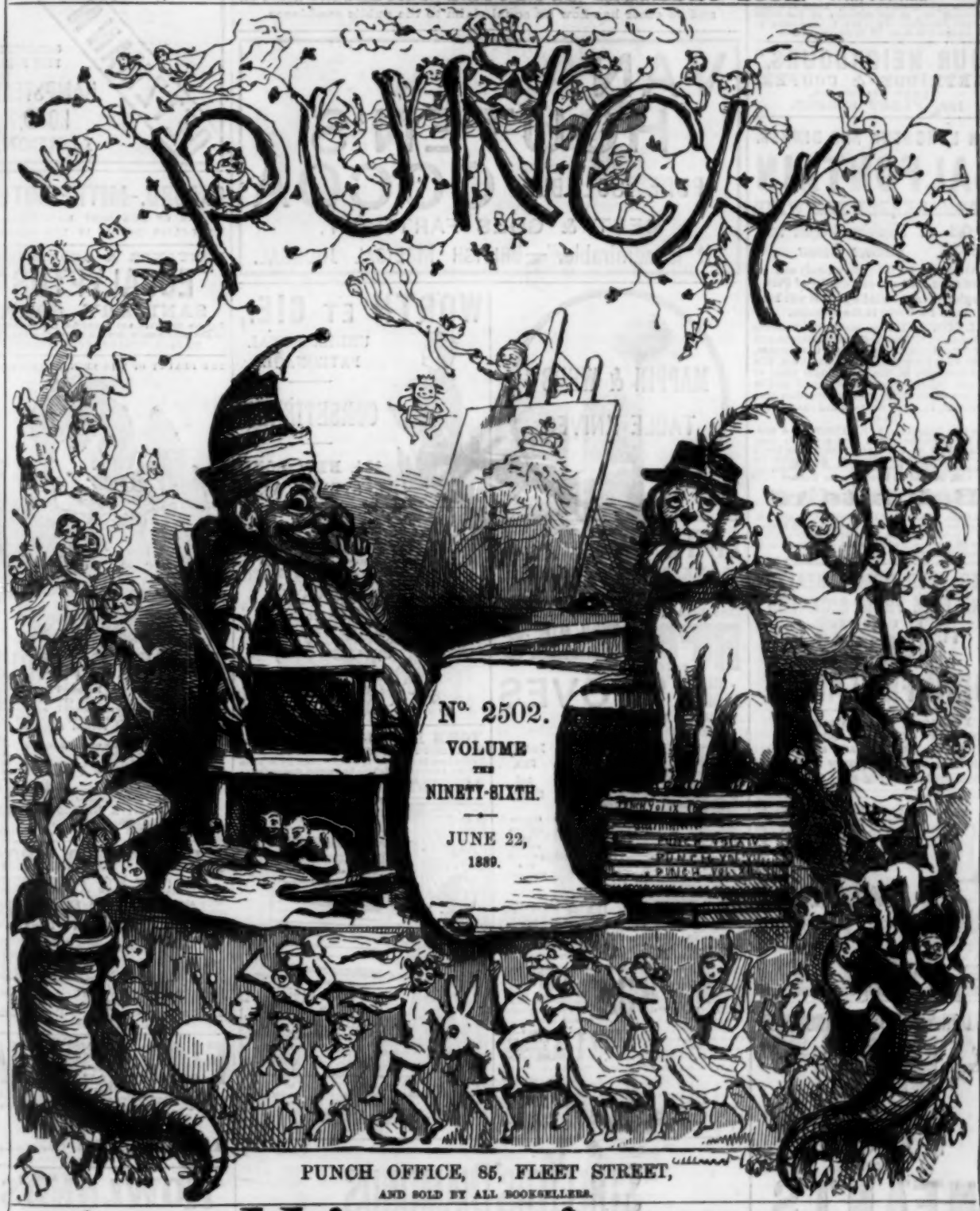

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RE—THE TABLE AND BENCH QUESTION.

"DON'T FIRE, COLERIDGE! WE'LL COME DOWN."

Case.—Apparently as the outcome of a practical joke, the Right Hon. JAMES LOWTHER, Prince SOLTIKOFF and the Earl of MARCH were selected to hold sittings as Arbitrators on a libel case during the Whitsuntide vacation. The Arbitrators having subsequently been invited to make use of the Queen's Bench Division Court for this purpose, at their first meeting, occupied places usually reserved for Her Majesty's Judges. In spite of the remonstrance of the Members of the Bar present, the Arbitrators refused to change their chairs on the Bench for seats at the Table. Subsequently, on a peremptory command of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, that the Court should be closed unless the Arbitrators descended from the Bench, the Arbitrators expressed themselves satisfied with the less dignified resting-places indicated by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, which they thereupon occupied.

Counsel will kindly say:—

1. Whether there was any justification for Arbitrators occupying the Bench.

2. Whether the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE was right in ordering the Court to be closed if the Arbitrators failed to content themselves with seats at the Table.

3. Whether the Arbitrators acted wisely in making to the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE the concession required of them, and comported themselves discreetly.

And will advise generally.

Opinion.—1. I cannot, go so far as to say, that the Arbitrators were "justified" in taking the places reserved for Her Majesty's Judges, but, I feel they had a strong excuse. No doubt, it was the intention of the Arbitrators to invest the proceedings, into which they seem to have been lured with so much humour, with as much pomp as possible. To use a word frequently employed in this case, they were "handicapped" at the outset, by having to appear in morning dress instead of the robes worn by their Lordships when sitting in open Court, and anything suggestive of "importance" no doubt would occur to them as enhancing their dignity. It may be advanced, that they might have appeared in hunting costume, and certainly this would have had a picturesque effect, but it must be remembered that it would have been contrary to the traditions of the Bar for the Counsel employed, so to speak, to have followed suit. In obedience to these traditions, the Counsel engaged dispensed with their robes with the result, that when Sir CHARLES RUSSELL aided by his learned Junior, Mr. CHARLES MATTHEWS cross-examined Sir GEORGE CHETWYND, the scene was not entirely unsuggestive of a retired Doctor of Divinity assisted by a favourite pupil (who having come from school last, it was to be presumed would be less "rusty" than his leader) conducting the *viva voce* portion of an attempted pass of a somewhat backward (both in age and knowledge) undergraduate. It must be remembered that as a Member of the Privy Council and an ex-State Official of high standing, the Right Hon. JAMES LOWTHER (the Chief Arbitrator) would naturally desire to invest his proceedings with as much state as possible. It would occur to him that an entrance from the Judges' Apartments, through curtains, would be infinitely more impressive than emerging, through a small hole, from the subterranean regions below the level of the well of the Court. It cannot be denied that this is a reasonable view of the matter, as the first entrance would not seem to be an unworthy companion picture to the "Doge of Venice and two of the most influential Members of the Council of Ten taking their seats in the Council Chamber," while the second would not be unlikely to conjure up a recollection of a severely reduced band mournfully occupying the space devoted to the orchestra in a small provincial theatre threatened with bankruptcy. There was this further excuse for the Right Hon. Gentleman, that the surroundings he found in the Queen's Bench Division No. 5 were similar to those in an ordinary *cause célèbre*, and likely to create in his mind some misconception of the part he should play in the inquiry. For instance, the number of reporters were legion, and the proceedings were of a nature to suggest the dreariest hours of the Special Commission. It was natural too, that he should wish to go down to posterity at the pencil of Mr. SYDNEY HALL (who was present) in that atmosphere of grandeur which does not exist apart from the Bench. But after making all these deductions I am unable to find an entire justification for his conduct.

2. As the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE has jurisdiction over the Common Law Courts, both in Term and out of Term (I do not myself find anything in the authorities upon this matter, but no doubt this decision will in future be quoted as a precedent), his Lordship was clearly within his rights to order Queen's Bench Division No. 5 to be closed unless the Arbitrators consented (like the coon in a frequently quoted American case) to "come down." I do not see that the consideration that the possible result of this closure might have caused a change of venue from the interior to the exterior of the building should have had weight with his Lordship, as there was nothing to prevent (if required) the holding of the inquiry in the green space bounded on the North by Carey Street, the South by the Strand, the East by the Law Courts, and the West by Clement's Inn. I am the more of this opinion as the matter, being heard out of Term, the proceedings would not have distracted the attention of the Chief Clerks of the Chancery Division, whose rooms overlook the green space I have sufficiently indicated. Consequently I concur in his Lordship's decision.

3. For the above reasons I think the Arbitrators acted quite wisely in making the required concession. I also believe that they have been most discreet. It was not impossible that, after the foreign fashion, Prince SOLTIKOFF, in the heat of the moment, might have demanded satisfaction. I am happy to hear no suggestion that this has been the case. It is patent that the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE could not have agreed to meet his Highness within the Queen's dominions; and, had his Lordship consented to visit some distant land outside Her Majesty's jurisdiction, with a view to carrying out the Prince's hypothetical proposals, considerable, and, possibly, irreparable damage and delay might have been occasioned in the due administration of the law. I also entirely approve of the Arbitrators placing on their table volumes of the *Racing Calendar* in lieu of law books, and concur with them when a dispute on a difficult point of law arises between Sir CHARLES RUSSELL and Sir HENRY JAMES in the advisability of seeking professional advice from my learned (if somewhat youthful friend) Mr. NORTH—a gentleman no doubt quite capable of affording them assistance of the utmost benefit and value.

Finally, I advise generally that those not engaged in the case should carefully avoid Queen's Bench No. 5, as the proceedings therein are so dull that, compared with them, ditchwater is an effervescing beverage, of the most exhilarating character.

(*Signed*) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-handle Court.

HOLES AND CORNERERS.

AN admirable society for the help of Bachelors, has been started in London. The programme is to provide persons who will sew on buttons, darn, mend, and otherwise care for the neglected habiliments of unwedded gentlemen. In future such a thing as a button off a shirt, or a rent in a vest, or a little rift within a sock, will be impossible. The Society issues its "No Rent" manifesto, and will cure faulty garments by the process of "mending or ending." All bachelors should in-*vest* in the Society's aid—"first aid to bachelors," it might be called. How often, when we have discovered a "missing link," or a link missing between collar and shirt, have we been inclined to darn—but no; in future that sort of thing can be done by the skilled fingers of the humble workers provided by the "Stitch-in-time Association." Won't the result, however, be to remove one powerful inducement to matrimony—the desire to have a mender on the premises? If so, *Mr. Punch* cannot call the idea admirable, but only sew-sew!

THE MODERN PURSUIT OF PLEASURE.

No bacchant-nymph, with breeze-borne tresses,
And luring eyes, and bosom bare,
Is it in whose pursuit fast presses,
With blood-shot gaze and blatant blare,
This eager crowd.
How hoarsely loud
The ululations rise!
Pirates who track a helpless prize,
Might howl like this, or wolf-pack pierce
The wintry air with cries as fierce;
And yet they chase not prey, but—Pleasure!
SWIFT's savage wit perchance might measure,
In flail-like phrase, the glorious gain
Of Realism's ruffian train,
Over those merely fancy-pictures
Which move the modern critic's strictures.
Great Modern Spirit! what a mercy
That Allegory, quaint, fantastic,
No longer finds our fancy plastic,—

COMPLIMENTS.

"The Court" (thinking aloud). "HU—M—'MARKABLY FINE YOUNG WOM——!" *The Witness (overhearing).* "EXCELLENT JUDGE!!"

That the contemporary Circe,
Needs not a limner high, Miltonic;
Rather a Zola, coarse, sardonic.
Out on the false poetic prism,
And ho! for dry-light Naturalism!
What do they chase, this motley mob?
Not aught to make the pulses throb
With Passion's fire or Beauty's light,
Such rubbish is *rococo*, quite;
The Comus of the Parachute,
The Pleasure of this mob's pursuit,
Appeals to the unchastened brute
In animal humanity.
A scent of risk, a whiff of blood,
These are the things the world finds good
To move the masses to the mood
Of suitable insanity.
The mob won't move in eager chase
If Beauty only lead the race.
Who will pant on for the first place
In the court of a Muse, in the train of a Grace?
Rather the butcher-mood of Rome
Finds in our British bosoms home.
Beetle-browed brutes who bruise for gain,
Athletes devoid of heart or brain
Appeal not to the mob in vain.
The hope of risk, the sight of pain,
These thrill the sons of toil—or leisure.
The callow swell, the callous "rough,"
Both find brute-impulse quite enough
Without art, taste, or such tame stuff,
To fire the new Pursuit of Pleasure.

Pleasure? Yes! There's peril there,
Dropping, drifting in mid-air.
Prospect of nerve-tingling crash,
Chance of sanguinary smash,
Something lethally soul-thrilling,
Fetches fast the people's shilling.
Skill? There's not much "fun" in skill
When not meant to maim or kill.——
"Great Scott! The beggar's dropping, BILL!
Come on! *This* way! No road? What matter?"
See how they cluster, crush and clatter,
How fast the brute within them wakes!
Through flower-beds and shrub-clustered brakes
Headlong they throng and heedless trample
Flushed, fiercely howling!
Lo, a sample
Of the material for a nation
Under thy stimulus, Sensation!
Smug sages, shifty statesmen, can you measure
The meaning of this new Pursuit of Pleasure?

DOWN ON THE FOG DEMON.

IN his pictorial forecast of New London, *Mr. Punch* indicated that one of the labours of that new Hercules, the L. C. C., should be fighting the Smoke Fiend. Well, MR. WALTER WREN, it seems, has given notice of Motion to the effect:—

"That it be an instruction to the Sanitary and Special Purposes Committee to take into consideration the causes of the Fogs which trouble London during the winter months, and the increased death-rate during their prevalence, in order to put in force existing powers for dealing with them, and obtaining increased powers if necessary."

In support of which Motion MR. WREN has written a Memo. on "Causes and Cures for London Fogs." The Motion and the Memo. have *Mr. Punch's* approval and best wishes.

"We want London Fogs to be things of the past," says W. W. Precisely. But it would seem that in the past they were infinitely less prevalent. He draws a pleasing picture of London seventy—only seventy—years ago when, says he, "it was a bright and sunny town." Bright and sunny! Why it was but the other day, *Mr. Punch*, had to burn gas during the greater portion of a forenoon in June. "At Queenhithe, in 1832, the air was quite as pure as it now is at Streatham or Blackheath; and beds of flowers blossomed to perfection within twelve furlongs of the City boundary." Indeed! "This state of things must be regained." 'Tis a consummation most devoutly to be wished. "Were coal smoke avoided by complete combustion, and were houses scientifically warmed, the saving in the cost of coal, and in the labour and sickness, the destruction and depreciation caused by smoke, would in one year yield all the sum that is immediately required to provide sufficient parks and playgrounds, gardens, boulevards, and avenues for the Metropolis; and London would then be as bright and cheerful as it was three-quarters of a century ago." Sounds optimistic, not to say Utopian. But we have it on the authority of MR. WREN and the *Quarterly Review*.

O WALTER WREN, if you do not joke,
But will the C. C. powers invoke
To banish from London the Demon Smoke,
Whose game is to blacken, and poison, and choke,
You 'll win the thanks of long-suffering folk.
O Science, teach us to burn and stoke,
In 'ARRY's phrase, "bid that black-a-vised bloke,"
The London Fog-fiend, "go home and eat coke,"
And free our necks from his dismal yoke!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, June 17.—Feel something like the boy who stood on the burning deck; "CASSAWARY"—wasn't that his name? Not that there is a deck, or that there is anything burning, except JACOBY's indignation at general disregard of his Whip. It's the all-but-him-has-fled aspect of the situation that fits me. *Mr. Punch* and his merry men all gone off to Paris, not principally to see the Exhibition, not principally to enjoy themselves; stern sense of duty calls them off.

"Why," said my venerated Leader, "should OLD MORALITY enjoy monopoly of performance of duty to House and Country? *we* have a duty to perform and shall do it; the MARKISS has snubbed France, has declined to permit British Minister to take part in Centennial celebration of certain historical event; LORD MAYOR stepped into breach; very well done, but still something lacking; *Mr. Punch* shall go to Paris in the flesh (what there is of it) and thus shall be removed the last vestige of ill-feeling created by the MARKISS's *bêtise*."

"And me?"

"You, TOBY, dear boy! like the rest of us, you'll do your duty; House meets on Monday after Whitsun Recess; you shall go and keep House for us; let you know how we get on; ta ta, or as they say in Parry, *o revor*."

This was yesterday; now he's gone, and they're gone, and I'm left. All doing our duty, I know; but on whole think they've got pleasantest department.

Not many here, and not much doing; looked in at Post Office for letters; quite a heap; some been here for day or two; shall go on terrace, smoke cigar and read 'em.

Yacht "Garland," off Tintagel, Friday.

TOBY ahoy! You will, I am sure, excuse the nautical turn of my address, but persons of my comparatively youthful years and decidedly impressionable nature are apt to take on the tone and colour of current circumstances. I am, as you will gather from the ordinary channels of information, not exclusively a seafarer. One foot on sea and one on land, I am, perhaps, to a certain extent amphibious in my characteristics.

We have had a very pleasant time, our progress being marked by those kindly gifts, miscellaneous in their design but uniformly useful in their character, the presentation of which has for many years past marked my public peregrination through Great Britain. Amongst other things we have received a casket of pure white Mexican onyx, with a handsome raised floral decoration of wild roses and forget-me-nots on the lid. The casket is enclosed in a polished walnut box. *Item*, a marble mosaic table. These and other articles of what *Mr. Wemmick* called portable property we shall add to the accumulation gathered on earlier pilgrimages which, warehoused at Hawarden, gives the place what my recent host Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT calls a pantechniconic air. I shall not be in the House on Monday, but hope to see you later. Meanwhile, I remain, Your humble and obliged W. E. GL-DST-NE.

Hatfield, Thursday.

DEAR TOBY,—What do you think of Grand Old Man spending his Whitsun holidays cavorting about Devon and Cornwall? Why can't he take a rest like an ordinary mortal? The worst of it is, it seems to agree with him. What would break down an ordinary man at half his age, only serves to brighten him up. Still I think he ought to be ashamed of himself going about with white umbrella, a rose in his coat, and a mosaic table under his arm. But if he thinks he vexes me, or gives us a moment's uneasiness, he is mistaken. If you have an opportunity, just mention this.

Yours faithfully, S-L-SB-RY.

Eddystone Lighthouse, Friday.

TOBY, old man, how goes it? It's my watch below, so I take this opportunity of writing a few lines, hoping they will find you pretty taut, as they leave me at present. You will be surprised to hear of me here; but the fact is, it seemed the only place I could go to spend a quiet time. I can't stand a ship in present state of our Navy, and I can't live ashore. There are only three courses open in such circumstances. I determined to take the third, and live in a lighthouse. So here I am, tra-la-la!

Very jolly time with my two mates; we weigh out each other's grub, take watch and watch about, and sit down to supper in tarpaulins when the weather is rough. When I come back to House, I mean to let out on Lighthouses. We are terribly undermanned. England will never be the nation she was, or able to hold her own, unless she has as many Lighthouses as any two Continental Powers combined. That's my new tack, of which you will hear more by-and-by.

Yours to command, CH-RL-E B-R-SF-RD.

Somewhere in Norway (can't spell the name). Tuesday.

DEAR TOBY,—Just heard I've won the Oaks; (hope it is not spelt with a *h*.) DUNRAVEN sends me word, and you know what an incorrigible joker he is, in spite of his grave aspect, and his mission to reform the Lords. If it is true, it will suit my book to a *t*. I have long had a fancy that the only thing lacking to complete my popularity as a Statesman is, that I should own horses, and win an occasional race. Fancy GEORGY HAMILTON winning a race, or even OLD MORALITY, though of him I'll say nothing. Of course you've read what warm friends we are now; how I look up to him as my natural Leader, and how he begins to think I'm not nearly so bad as I've sometimes been painted.

I hear there's some wonder expressed at my leaving London for this place in height of the season, and on eve of Oaks. All kinds of reasons are suggested. I don't mind telling you the truth, though it needn't go any further. It's WOLFFEY; he's come home quite rosy, with a lot of fresh stories culled from the Persian; a sort of spectacled *Lallah Rookh*. He was bad enough before he went, but now he's unsupportable. He offered, in patronising way, to present me to the SHAH when he arrives. Me, who only the other day had BOULANGER's boots under my mahogany! WOLFFEY is not going to show me round, I can tell him. So I made up my mind to come off here, where he is not likely to follow me.

I'm supposed to be fishing, but haven't done much yet. Saw a salmon yesterday, at least I think it was one; hope I'll catch it; Generally do when I'm at home.

Yours, R-ND-LPH S. CH-RCH-LL.

Henley-on-Thames, Saturday.

Dear TOBY, I wonder if you will be in the House on Monday, or whether you will be tempted by the state of the weather to extend your recess? It is, as you know, the early bird that catches the

last train, and I should be wanting in my duty to the House and the Country if I were to miss it, and so fail to be in my place to greet the SPEAKER on his resuming the Chair.

I do not expect we shall be excessively lively. The disposition to lead to excitable episodes appears to have subsided. What influence upon the assembly my equable presence may have had it is not for me to say; but it is impossible to avoid noting the circumstance. MR. GLADSTONE, it is not unreasonable to expect, may, to a certain extent, be what, in writing privately to you I may describe, as pumped out by his excursion to the West. My esteemed young friend GRANDOLPH is engaged in what I am given to understand are piscatorial pursuits; CHAPLIN is in a simmering state of content in anticipation of the devolution upon him of newly constituted ministerial functions. Looking around from this quiet retreat in a riparian district, I think I may say that events have a pleasant air of quiescence, and that in the coming weeks we shall have the opportunity of making steady progress with business, which, as far as is consistent with anybody's feelings, is my earnest desire.

Hoping that you have enjoyed the temporary cessation from labour, and will return to what I may perhaps call the workshop refreshed and invigorated, I am, yours faithfully,

W. H. SM-TH.

There's the division-bell; don't know what the question is, but I shall go and vote. JACOBY sure to be there to show me which Lobby to go into; only, as LAWSON says, one is apt sometimes to get into the wrong box.

"Looking at JACOBY," he says, "one instinctively starts to follow the 'Noes.'" *Business done.*—Supply.

"MODUS OPERANDI."

(*The Covent Garden Government, and Her Majesty's Opposition.*)

Monday, June 10.—The bill for this evening at Covent Garden contained *Aida*, set down to be read, or rather sung, at least a third, if not a fourth time. The provisions thoroughly understood, and passed without demur by a full house. Madame VALDA in charge of the title *rôle* resuming the lead (shared a few nights since with Madame NORDICA), ably supported by Madame SCALCHI. Monsieur JEAN DE RESZKE also made a most effective defence of VERDI'S music. Proceedings in every way satisfactory. Her Majesty's Opposition still enjoying the pleasures of the Whitsuntide recess.

Tuesday.—At Covent Garden, *Guillaume Tell*, with Monsieur LASSALLE in the bill, but out of the cast. However, the disappointment might have been greater had not Monsieur SEGUIN supplied his place, at short notice, most efficiently. Monsieur LESTELLIER not so satisfactory. If very great things were expected from this *Mons.*, the result has not been entirely unlike the *ridiculus mus*. By the way, it is becoming so much the fashion nowadays to allow the *artistes* to select their own language (I fancy Monsieur SEGUIN sang in French this evening), that it would not be half a bad idea to put up *Lucia*, with Miss MCINTYRE in pure Scotch, and the MACGUCKIN as *Edgar* (to balance his not having played the Knight of the Swan in *Lohengrin*), in the original Irish of his native land. But to speak once more of *Tell*. Mlle. LITA made rather a mess (some even said a litter, but they were wags, and as such unworthy of respect), of the acting in the part of *Mathilde*. I could not help thinking that her presence in the train of *Gesler* may possibly have had something to do with the unpopularity of that misguided nobleman. The *Barber* leading the Opposition in another place.

Mixed Italian Opera. Barty M'Guckin, bedad, and Maggie Macintyre "take the flure."

Wednesday.—Evening sitting at Covent Garden as an extra night with *Faust* to the fore, and here let me correct a slip of the pen in my report of last week when the matter was also before the house. I then praised M. LASSALLE as an excellent *Mephistopheles*, and however just that praise may have been (for no doubt whenever the gifted baritone plays the part he plays it thoroughly well), he was not on the occasion in question devilling for anyone, but appearing *in propriâ personâ* as *Valentine*. It was Monsieur DE RESZKE who assumed the diabolical character, and assumed it very well. To-night we had the same caste *plus* an additional DE RESZKE and WINOGRADOFF and *minus* LASSALLE and TALAZAC. The absence of the latter was not to be regretted, as he was scarcely the sort of *Faust* to captivate the heart of so charming a *Marguerite* as Madame NORDICA. It must have occurred to many present that *Mephistopheles* had given rather short measure in return for *Faust's* blood and bond. The Opposition taking it very easily at Her Majesty's, but promising something with the charm of novelty by GOUNOD for to-morrow.

Thursday.—Again Monsieur LASSALLE away as the leader of the house at Covent Garden, and once more there is an efficient substitute to supply his place. A member of "the talented DAN DRARDIES family" simply excellent as the amatory *Don*, and Madame MARIE VAN ZANDT more than confirms the favourable impression she has created in the *Page* from the *Nozze*. Another absentee in the person of Mlle. TONI SCHLÄGER was to have done wonders with that lively individual *Donna Anna*. Instead, we have the MADI, who, after the fashion of her great African namesake, turns up unexpectedly, but (unlike *him*) most pleasantly. Another alteration of not quite so delightful a character is the appearance of M. LESTELLIER as *Don Ottavio*, when we had been promised Signor MASSIMI. It is of course, rather difficult to say what the Signor would have been like, as he did not appear, but I think he would have been better than the *Mons.*—if he had not, I should have been at once surprised and disappointed. For the rest, the *mise-en-scène* excellent, and the general performance all of the best.

"Take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

Suggestion for a Statue to be erected in the R. I. O. C. G.

Faust at Her Majesty's Opposition. Politically it has been declared that "the business of an Opposition is to oppose." Lyrically the maxim hardly applies; but Mr. MAPLESON may perhaps claim to have "opposed" the conventional setting of GOUNOD'S masterpiece; the performance on Thursday being at least an original one. There was a fair muster on the Opposition benches—or stalls—and the house seemed to approve Mlle. ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN as *Marguerite*, and Signor PAL O' MINE—I mean PALERMINI—as *Valentino*. Mlle. ZÉLIE was voted bright and tuneful, and no cynical operatic TALLEYRAND seemed inclined to protest in this case against *trop de Zélie!*

Saturday.—Foreign affairs attracting the attention of the House. *Romeo et Juliette* produced in French, and our "lively neighbours" consequently put upon the footing of the most favoured nation. Madame MELBA (French, no doubt, for Melbourne) a capital representative of SHAKSPEARE'S heroine. Her singing of the waltz in the First Act had but one fault—it provoked the audience to ask for a double *encore*. The Brothers DE RESZKE in great force. Monsieur EDOUARD conducted the marriage service (fully choral) in a manner calculated to cause the profoundest envy in the breast of the most accomplished curate attached to St. George's, Hanover Square; and Brother JEAN "lightened up" the part of *Romeo*, by wearing tights of an eccentric pattern. Chaff apart (as they do *not* say in the French), both admirable. Smaller parts well filled. Signor CASTELMARY distinguished himself as *Le Duc de Vérone*—this accomplished person is a very good Duke, in spite of his appearance in *Faust* having argued that he was a very poor devil. The whole production (dresses, *mise-en-scène*, everything) worthy of the Poet, the Composer, and the Manager.

Her Majesty's Opposition, to-night, "moved" DONIZETTI, and *L'Elisir d'Amore*, the majority of a rather thin House voting decidedly "in an affirmative sense." Mlle. GIUSEPPINA GARGANO made a sprightly and melodious *Adina*, and Signor CARACCIOLO a sonorous and Lal-Brough-ish *Dulcamara:* whilst Signor VICINI, whose voice is very pleasing in piano passages, found them to be by no means "passages that lead to nothing," for in *Nemorino's* slightly sentimental Romance, "*Una Furtiva Lagrima*," they led, on this occasion, to a very vigorous *encore*, duly accepted.

L'INVITATION À LA VALSE.

1888. "HAVE A DANCE?"

(*Great Improvement in Masherly Form.*)

1889. "M' I HAVE TH' PLEASURE OF A DANCE?"

THE SHAH'S HOLIDAY.

NASR-ED-DIN *soliloquises:*—

Personally conducted!!! By the Seven Fountains of the Sun, it is one of the accursed innovations of the modern muddle they miscall Civilisation to which a descendant of DARIUS finds it hard to reconcile himself. Oh, for the Magic Carpet of HOUSSAIN the Persian! When he, setting forth on his travels, "took the road of Samarcande" he was not bothered with such "supporters" as mine. Better the blessed Carpet of Bishnagar than the cheapest and most carefully arranged COOK'S Tour!

"His throne was in radiance like the bow of Heaven, upon which, pre-eminent in majesty, he sat without observing the sceptred potentates of the earth more than atoms in the beams of his presence." So the old Persian tale said of a King. *That* was something like. "Good old Persia!"—as a cockney cad would say. The "sceptred potentates of the earth"—confound them!—did then not dare to bother the Shahinshah concerning railway concessions or the free navigation of Persian rivers. Whereas now, between the Bear on one side, and the Lion on the other—but hist!—the brutes will overhear me!

Oh, to be a fine old Persian potentate, one of the olden time! "He fixed the rings of subjection in the ears of Fortune, and made the Spring spreader of the carpets of his pleasure. Time gave the reins of his party-coloured coursers into his hands, and Pride laid the head of obsequiousness upon the threshold of his door of audience." Lovely! INATULLA of Delhi, flowery wert thou in language, but thine ideas of kingliness were decidedly O.K. Then, as INATULLA said, "of all gardens that of rhetoric justly challenged the highest fame." But now, to enter the modern Baar Danesh, or Garden of Knowledge, even NASR-ED-DIN must pass through the portals of forced politeness, on the arm of these rude rival brutes, who, to imitate INATULLA'S style, endeavour to hide the greed of carnivorous appetite under the grin of diplomatic dissimulation.

As to the Bear, he is getting unbearable. Smirks like a Nautch-girl, but snubs like a Shah in a tantrum. How affectionately—and paralysingly—he grips my arm at this moment! On the whole I prefer his frank menaces to his sinister caresses. Yet could I have bowstrung him with my own hands when he boastfully and threateningly alluded to his bristling legions and my defenceless borders. Like DARIANOS in the coils of the serpent, I feel "a shadow of power, an object of impotence."

As to the Lion, he is better-mannered perhaps, but has he better intentions? Keeps a tight hold of my dexter arm as though I were an inebriated Bank-Holiday-maker, and he, what the batter-faced infidels call, I believe, a "Bobby." Quite a little holiday! Yes! Only somehow I feel as if I were being "run in."

That Bishnagar Carpet, now, would obey my orders, and not direct my course. Forty purses were well expended upon its like. Better infinitely than a Special Pulman. As it is, I feel that I am "on the Carpet," in the coarse Western sense. Oh, for the wonder-working aid of the fairy PARI-BANOU to give these intrusive Infidels emphatically and finally "what for"!

No, by the beard of ZOROASTER, were their Buckingham Palace more beauteous than that of PARI-BANOU herself—which it is *not!*"—yet would I gladly shirk a second visit thereto did I dare. Nay, even their grand orchestral music—what they call "tuning-up"—and the jocund gyrations of their nimble Nautch-girls—or Gaiety "Choristers"—should not tempt me again into their brumous Babylon, were I but absolute master of Prince HOUSSAIN'S Carpet—and of myself. But between Bear and Lion—not to mention the fortuitous wing-flappings and incidental beak-proddings of certain Eagles, one or two-headed—a Shahinshah's life is not a happy one. How happ could I be *without* either! Hah! I begin to think that life would be tolerable—even to an elderly Shah in difficulties, but for its—Holidays!

Tram-car Trammels.

WE are told that the London Tram-car men are kept on their feet some sixteen hours at a stretch. Poor fellows! *Mr. Punch* wonders they stand it, and feels that they—and a sympathetic Public—ought to make a stand against it. Let Public Opinion, as imperatively as the old highwaymen, bid the Monopolists, "Stand and deliver" these poor tram-slaves from their tedious thraldom!

THE SHAH'S HOLIDAY.

SHAH (*sotto voce*). "RATHER WISH I HADN'T COME!"

HINTS FOR THE PARK.

IF YOU ARE A NERVOUS RIDER, AND RATHER AFRAID OF YOUR NEW MARE, IT 'S BETTER TO LEAVE YOUR SPURS ON, THAN TO PUT THEM INTO YOUR POCKET!

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

No. VI.—THE CHIVALROUS.

The Singer (who should be a large man, in evening dress, with a crumpled shirt-front) will come on the stage with a bearing intended to convey at first sight that he is a devoted admirer of the fair sex. After removing his crush-hat in an easy manner, and winking airily at the orchestra, he will begin:—

THERE 's enthusiasm brimming in the breasts of all the women,
And they 're calling for enfranchisement with clamour eloquent:
When some parties in a huff rage at the plea for Female Suffrage,
I invariably floor them with a simple argu-ment.

Chorus (to be rendered with a winning persuasiveness).
Why *shouldn't* the darlings have votes? de-ar things!
On politics each of 'em dotes, de-ar things!
(*Pathetically.*) Oh, it *does* seem so hard
They should all be debarred,
'Cause they happen to wear petticoats, de-ar things!

Nature all the hens to crow meant, I could prove it in a moment,
Though they 've selfishly been silenced by the cockadoodle-doos.
But no man of sense afraid is of enfranchising the Ladies.
(*Magnanimously.*) Let 'em put their pretty fingers into any pie they choose!
Spoken—For—— *Chorus*—Why *shouldn't* the darlings, &c.

They would cease to care for dresses, if we made them elec-tresses,
No more time they 'd spend on needlework, nor at pianos strum;
Every dainty little Dorcas would be sitting on a Caucus,
Busy wire-pulling to produce the New Millenni-um!
Spoken—Oh! *Chorus*—Why *shouldn't* the darlings, &c.

In the House we 'll see them sitting soon, it will be only fitting.
They should have an opportunity their country's laws to frame.
And the Ladies' legislation will be sure to cause sensation,
For they 'll do away with everything that seems to them a shame!
Spoken—Then—— *Chorus*—Why *shouldn't* the darlings, &c.

They will promptly clap a stopper on whate'er they deem improper,
Put an end to vaccination, landed property, and pubs;
And they 'll fine TOM, DICK, and HARRY, if they don't look sharp and marry,
And for Kindergartens confiscate those nasty horrid Clubs!
Spoken—Ah! *Chorus*—Why *shouldn't* the darlings, &c.

They 'll declare it 's quite immoral to engage in foreign quarrel,
And that Britons never never will be warriors any more!
When our forces are abolished, and defences all demolished,
They will turn upon the Jingo tack, and want to go to war!
Spoken—So—— *Chorus*—Why *shouldn't* the darlings, &c.

(*With a grieved air.*) Yet there 's some who 'd close such vistas to their poor down-trodden sisters,
And persuade 'em, if they 're offered votes, politely to refuse!
Say they do not care about 'em, and would rather be without 'em—
Oh, I haven't common patience with such narrer-minded views!
Spoken—No! *Chorus*—Why *shouldn't* the darlings, &c.

And it 's females—that 's the puzzle!—who petition for the muzzle,
Which I call it poor and paltry, and I think you 'll say so too.
They are not in any danger. Let 'em drop the dog-in-manger!
If they don't require the vote themselves, there 's other Ladies do!
Spoken—And—— *Chorus*—Why *shouldn't* the darlings, &c.

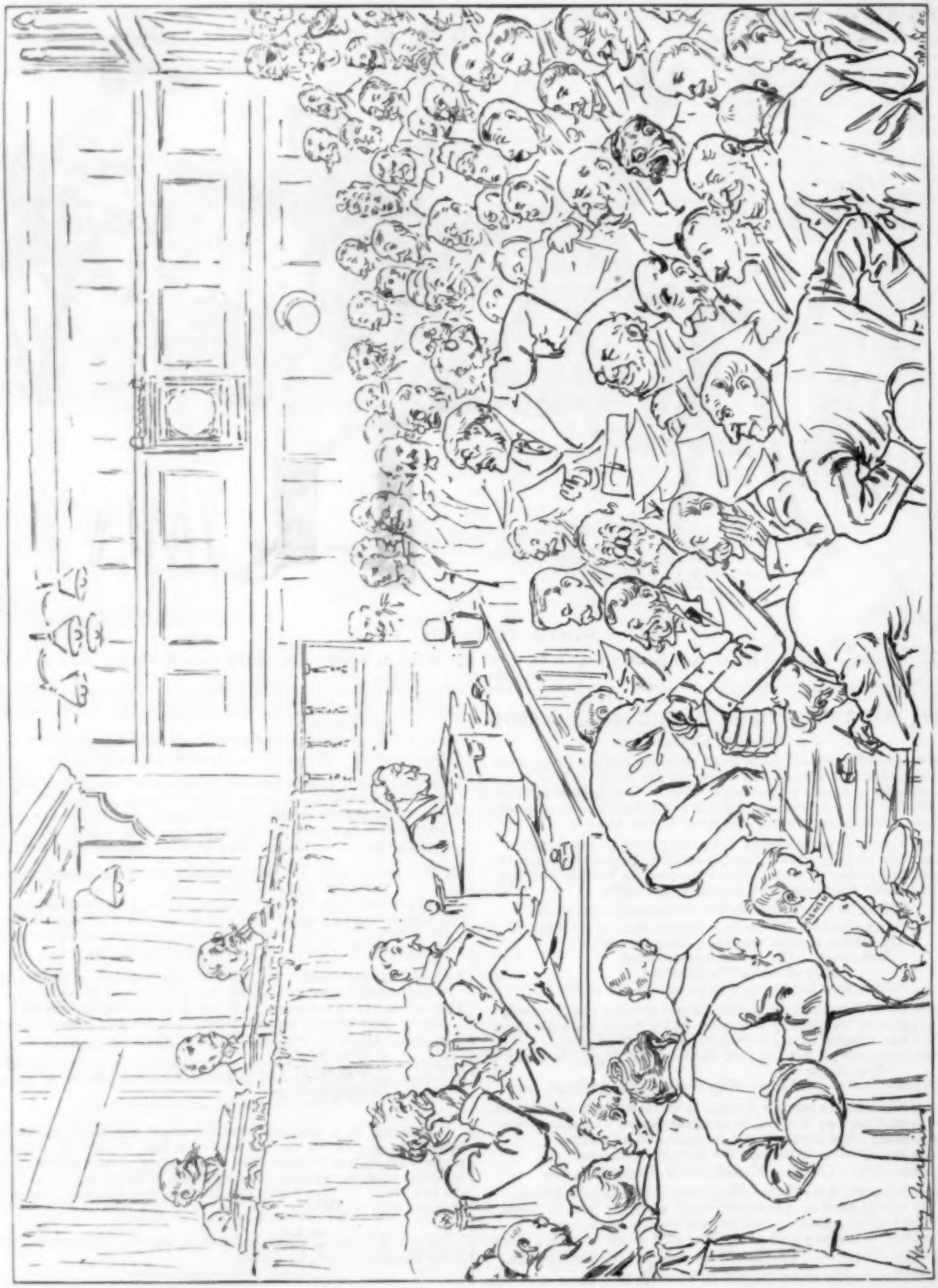
[*Here the Singer will gradually retreat backwards to the rear of the stage, open his crush-hat, and extend it in an attitude of triumph as the Curtain descends.*

"THE case in a nutshell"—or at least, if a nutshell may be considered as a hat, in a hat-box. In the Bishop of LINCOLN'S prosecution, it was thought that the decision in the BENNETT case would be of some weight. One objection to this was, that in future the two would be quoted as "The Lincoln and Bennett" cases, and so cause some confusion.

FROM THE DISESTABLISHER'S POINT OF VIEW.—The modern JONAH is the English Church in Wales.

"STRIKES ON HIS OWN BOX."—The Paris Cabman.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 71.



THE JOCKEY CLUB IN COURT.

PERSIAN PUZZLES. (WAITING SOLUTION.)

How will they manage to land the SHAH at the Speaker's Stairs? How will they get him there? Will they smuggle him on board at Greenwich, and bring him in a Penny Steamboat, or leave it in the hands of the River Police?

Will he and his *suite* of seventy-three attendants be conveyed by the London General Omnibus Company, and escorted by the Royal Horse Guards Band to Buckingham Palace? Will the stair-carpets of that establishment all be taken up, fresh straw spread on the floors of the State rooms, and the furniture covered up, so as to suit it to the Oriental habits of its temporary occupants?

Will the Director of the Household supply the SHAH and *suite*, pending their stay, with free admissions to the Baths and Washhouses in the Buckingham Palace Road?

Will His Majesty be suffered to make his toilette in the State drawing-room, and wipe his muddy boots on the blue satin damask of the over-mantel?

Will he, when he lunches with the LORD MAYOR, present him with the stalks of his asparagus and expect him to eat them?

Will he insist on bestowing the Grand Cross of the Order of the Pink Hyæna on M. TUSSAUD?

Will he, during his visit to Covent Garden, send for Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS and, offering to buy the entire *Corps de Ballet* of him, expect him to cart it off to Buckingham Palace as it stands?

Will the Crystal Palace Company secure him on a Saturday, and making a feature of him, together with "fountains and fireworks," manage, by the joint attraction, to score a decent financial success.

Will the rival institution at Muswell Hill be able to persuade him to go up in a Balloon and descend in a Parachute before the admiring thousands who congregate there daily to witness such performances.

Who will look after the SHAH when the public Showmen have done with him?

What on earth will Lord SALISBURY do with him for the two days that he is going to entertain him at Hatfield? How will he try to counteract the effect of the CZAR's alleged threat of the "hundred thousand bayonets"? Will he button-hole the SHAH, and do his best to allay his fears at a Garden Party? Will he try to pacify him by making him an Honorary Grand Knight Outsider of the Primrose League? Or, will he endeavour to impress him by showing him his poultry and pigs? If not, will the Duke of NORFOLK, who is to have him next, be likely to improve on the occasion?

Failing this, who will be able to provide a programme of excitement, change, and sight-seeing that will last his surfeited Majesty out the entire three weeks he purposes devoting to his inquiring stay among us?

Blissful Ignorance.

"It may be doubted whether one person in ten thousand who read what was written (last week in the papers) knew anything about BRUNO at all."—*Saturday Review, June* 15.

WHO was GIORDANO BRUNO?
I don't know, I own. Do *you* know?
Who or what he was but few know;
Fewer still, and this I do know,
Care one cuss for this same BRUNO.

HOOK AND LINE.

HAPPY Thought of the Great Eastern Railway Company to issue little pamphlets containing lists of houses and cottages to let along their line, also farm-house apartments, with names of owners, number of rooms, terms, &c. Delightful associations conjured up by the words "farmhouse apartments"—better still, if they could keep the good old title of "lodgings"! Home-made bread! Pure milk! Fresh eggs! *And* fresh air! *And* purling (why "purling"?) streams! *And* daisied and buttercupped meadows! All you have to do is to get your pamphlet, and take your choice—of houses. The list is a long one—you enter the lists, and you're suited at once! Then the G. E. R. also publishes little descriptive leaflets of the districts it runs through—the Valley of the Stour, for instance, which of course helps the tourist greatly in fixing on his s-tour! He will probably sing, "Mine be a cot beside the Great Eastern Railway Line," and thank the Directors for directing his attention to this crowd of would-be letters—this rural "letter-press"!

SONGS OF THE SUMMER.

"THE WEATHER SEEMS TO BE IMPROVING, NUPKINS!"—"YES, MISS; THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE CUCKOO IS A-'OLLERIN', EVERY NIGHT!"

YANKEE NOTIONS.

(*New Version composed by a Member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, during the visit of the American Engineers to London on their way to the Paris Exhibition.*)

WE have come across the sea from America the free,
And we guess it is to see how you are, JOHN BULL.
We'd a notion that your bridges matched with ours were much like midges,
When compared with a big buffler or a bar, JOHN BULL.
We have enterprise and *nous*, and a hundred and fifty thousand
Miles of railway, and the Washington monu*ment*, JOHN BULL,
But we've seen in your small clearing some big works of engineering,
And a very jolly time of it we've spent, JOHN BULL.

We have seen the Mersey Tunnel, 'tis a tidy little funnel;
The Manchester Ship Canal, and Bridge of Forth, JOHN BULL.
And we find the land of SMEATON not so easily is beaten.
We have travelled East and West, and South and North, JOHN BULL.
In your skill we've grown believers, and those Forth-Bridge cantilevers
Lick the topping towers of Washington and Eiffel, JOHN BULL.
And now we would say thankee on behalf of every Yankee
Who has had your hospitality, no trifle, JOHN BULL.

At the Guildhall Banquet truly every toast was honoured duly,
And the Yankee Engineers received a bumper, JOHN BULL.
The old "*Star-spangled Banner*," sung by FRYER in a manner
All his own, made every Yankee heart a thumper, JOHN BULL.
It seemed to float right o'er us as we all joined in the chorus,
And drank the loving cup in Civic style, JOHN BULL.
Well, and here's three hearty cheers for Old England's Engineers,
Who make the best of your queer little isle, JOHN BULL.

'Tisn't long, 'tis rayther narrow, but LAIRD, BESSEMER, and YARROW,
With ARMSTRONG, WHITWORTH, MAUDSLAY, FORD, and RENNIE, JOHN BULL,
And others quite as clever use their very best endeavour
To make their little land as good as any, JOHN BULL.
We must presently go back, and when on the homeward track
The results of our excursion we shall tot, JOHN BULL,
And shall find ourselves agreeing we have seen *some* things worth seeing
In the land of TELFORD, STEPHENSON, and WATT, JOHN BULL.

THE AUTOMATIC POLICEMAN.

PUT A PENNY IN THE SLOT, AND HE STOPS THE TRAFFIC.

A PACIFIC LAY.

"The American Consul in the Society Islands, Consul DOTY, has just married the beautiful but dusky Princess POLONA."—*Daily Paper.*

MR. DOTY was an enterprising Yankee,
An aggressive, imperious, go-ahead sort of cuss;

In New York he frequently became rather moody (but not particularly SANKEY),
Because the place offered no scope to his undoubted geni-us.

He said to himself, "I am in rather a tickliah position,
If I stay here, I may be driven to some desperate deed;
I may become a murderer—or even a politician,
Though naturally to the son of scrupulously honest parents (that 's me) the latter possibility is horrible to contemplate, unless one were in absolute need."

So Mr. DOTY went off to the White House, and asked for a berth,
Although, having already been born once, it was rather unfair of him to expect to have it all over again; [earth;
He got one, however, as a Consul at the ends of the
And, having a good eye to the main chance, he determined to chance the perils of the main.

He arrived at the Society Islands in perfect safety,
And seeing a comely Princess, bethought himself of a Safety Match!
"As an American Consul," he soliloquised with remarkable *naïveté*,
"I have a right to some Consul-ation, and I fancy I 'm rather a catch."

The wooing was short, in accordance with the habits of the nation,
For Consul DOTY just told the King he doted on his Burnt-Um-berish girl;
And his Majesty treated the matter as an official communication,
And regretted that all the dowry he could afford was one exceptionally fine pearl.

So, married they were; but the Bridegroom thought he had been a trifle hasty,
When his Father-in-law explained the usual rites where a cannibal Princess is wed;
And Princess POLONA herself boxed his ears in the vestry,
Because he had not provided some plump relations (cold) for the nuptial spread.

However, they served up his best man (a Yankee friend) as a tasty side-dish,
And the Princess's "going-away dress" was exclusively composed of the teeth of some lively sharks,
And when the Consul succeeds to the kingship of the Cannibal Islands—if such be his wish—
He may be more inclined than he is at present to think that his alliance with the beautiful but carnivorous Princess POLONA was rather larks!

"LE FOOTE-BALLE."

Offices of the Athletic Convention, Paris.

MONSIEUR,—HAVING already expressed my views as to the capabilities possessed by "Le Cricquette" for becoming a national game worthy the attention of the young sporting gentlemen of our modern France, I now turn me to the consideration of your "Foote-Balle."

I have examined the apparatus for the play you have so kindly sent over,—the great leathern bag of wind which is kicked, "*les* Goalpoles," and the regulations for the playing of the game, and have seen your fifteen professional County "kicksmen" engage,—I shudder as I recall the terrible sight,—in a contest, horrible, murderous, and demoniacal, with an equal number of my unhappy compatriots, alas! in their enthusiasm and *élan*, ignorant of the deadly struggle that awaited them in the game in which they were about innocently to join. To witness the savage rush of your professional kicksmen was terrifying, and when, in displaying "*le scrimmage*," they scattered, with the kicks of their legs, my fainting compatriots, who fell lamed and wounded in all directions, I said to myself, this "Foote-Balle" is not a pastime, it is an encounter of wild beasts, "*un vrai carnage*," fit to be played, not by civilised sporting gentlemen, but by cannibals.

But let me explain that it is not the kick to which I object, for is not *le coup de pied* the national defence of France? Indeed, in your own fist contest in "Le Boxe-Match," is not to deliver a kick in the jaw of your antagonist considered a meritorious *coup*, showing great skill in the boxe-man? And do not our own *garçons de collège* kick a *confrère* when he is "down," and point to the circumstance with a legitimate pride and satisfaction? No, it is not *le coup de pied* which makes horrible "Le Foote-Balle," but the conspiracy organised of the kicksmen—*Les Demidos* (the 'alf-backs), *Les En Avants* (the Forwards), and the "Goal-keeperes"—all to kick the leathern bag of wind at once, and so produce a murderous *mêlée*, in which arms, legs, ribs, thighs, necks, and spines are all broken together, and may be heard simultaneously cracking by any of the terror-struck but helpless spectators who are watching the ghastly contest.

Viewing the game under this aspect, you will not be surprised to hear that my Committee have, as they did in dealing with "Le Cricquette" revised the rules and regulations for the playing of your "Foote-Balle," so as to suit it to the tastes and requirements of the rising generation of our Modern France. I cannot at present furnish you with full details of the suggested modifications, but I may inform you that it has been unanimously decided that the "Balle," which is to be of "some light, airy, floating material, and three times its present size," is not to be touched by the foot at all, but struck lightly by the palm of the hand, and thus wafted harmlessly, with a smart smack, over the heads of the combatants.

As to costume, the game is to be played in white satin bed-room slippers, with (as a protection in the event, spite every possible precaution, of "*le scrimmage*" arising) feather pillows strapped over the knees and chest. It is calculated by our Committee that the savage proclivities of the game, as fostered by the terrible rules of your murderous "Rugby Association," will be thus, in some measure, counteracted.

Hoping soon to hear from you on the subject of your *Courses d'Eau*, as I shall doubtless have some suggestions to make in reference to the conduct of your aquatic contests, receive, Monsieur, the assurance of my most distinguished consideration,

THE SECRETARY TO THE CONGRESS.

MUSICAL NOTE.—A song, called "*Though Wisdom Bids Me Forget*," by H. KLEIN, is effective if, on being asked, you can sing it; if not, "D. Klein with thanks."

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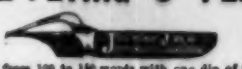

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Dance a baby diddy!
What will Mamma do wid 'a?
Give it NESTLE'S FOOD,
Which is very good;
Dance a baby diddy!

For INFANTS & Young Children,
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The Food, a Fine Dry Powder, partly composed of Milk, is instantly made ready for use by the simple addition of water.

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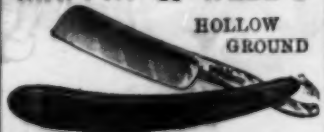

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No knowledge whatever of Photography is required—No dark room or Chemicals.
THREE MOTIONS ONLY,
HOLD IT STEADY. PULL A STRING.
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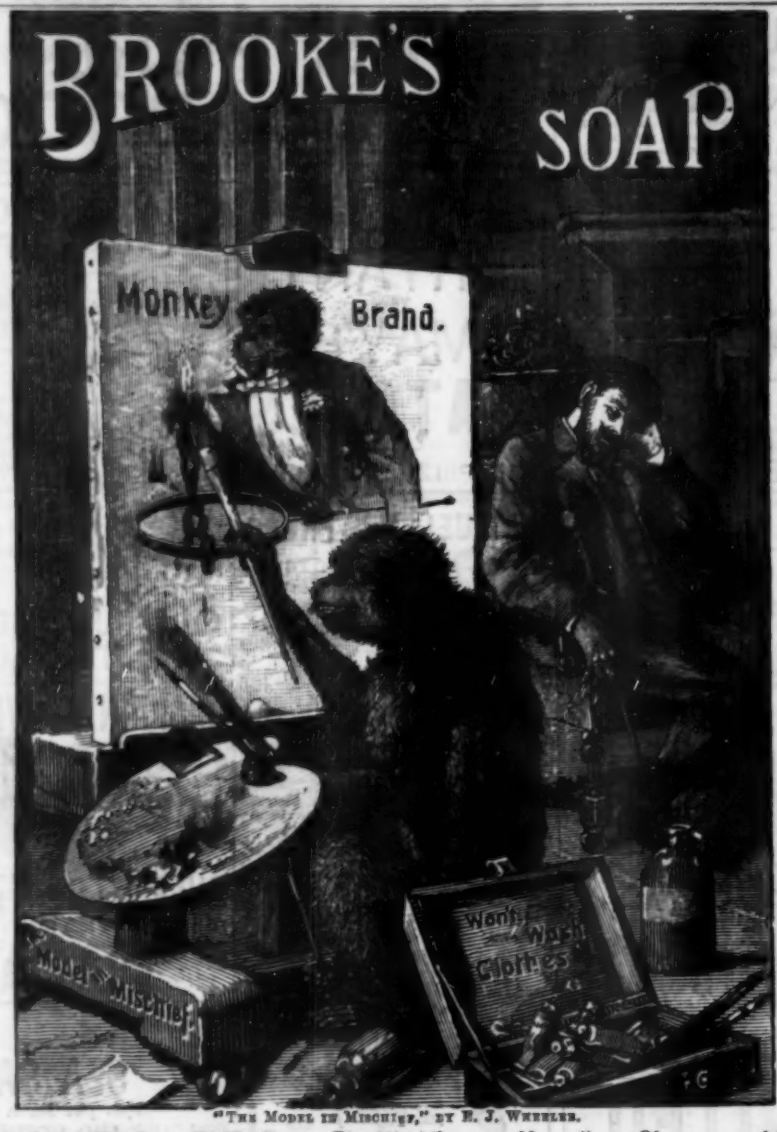

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